The Evening World Daily Magazine

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1919

What Our Doughboys Wrote Home to Mother

The Little Messages That Make Up the "Mothers' Book," Brought Home From the Battle Lines by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.

It Was Just a Loose-Leaf Volume of Blank Pages, and the "Love Letters" the Boys Wrote Upon These Pages Came Home Uncensored.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"I shall never be as good as you think I am, mother, but I have kept my promise to you."—Extract from letter of A. E. F. soldier in Mrs. Ballington Booth's Mothers' Book.

"AMERICANS in the service of their country went to Europe mothers' boys; they upheld in Europe the teachings of their mothers, and they will come back even stronger mothers' boys than when they went away."

That is how the "Little Mother of the A. E. F." sums up the spirit of the American soldier who gave her the title. She is Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, and as a representative of the Y. M. C. A., the Volunteers of America and—most of all—of the mothers of America, she has spent the winter among the combat troops in the American Army of Occupation.

"I want American mothers to know," Mrs. Booth told me yesterday in her headquarters at No. 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, "that I have come back from Europe with an even higher opinion of American manhood than when I went. Our men are wonderful. I sailed two days after the signing of the armistice and I went straight to our troops in the shell-ruined city of Verdun. There were mud and filth and cold and the terrible let-down in excitement and interest that must come after fighting. Then was the time when our boys might have been expected to go to pieces, if ever. But they were wonderful and splendid.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

"The boys who came from clean homes in America will go back to them clean. While I was overseas I saw the troops of all the other countries, and I could not help noting the contrast between them and the Americans. Our boys were taller, better developed physically, more alert mentally and with a cheerfulness, a sense of humor that nothing could extinguish. When all the other soldiers grumbled, ours laughed."

Mrs. Booth, who is a little person with warm brown eyes and an equally warm smile and handclasp, really served as liaison officer between American soldiers and their mothers. I do not think the Y. M. C. A. could have done a more human and tender thing than in sending this most motherly of women on her unique mission.

She carried with her everywhere a Mothers' Book. After the two other members of her entertainment unit had done their acts, Mrs. Booth gave her "message from home" to the boys. Then she produced the Mothers' Book, filled with loose-leaves. Each boy received a blank slip and was asked to write a personal message to his mother, which, by special permission of Secretary Baker, Mrs. Booth was permitted to forward directly.

"The men wrote little, intimate, tender things," she told me, "which I am sure they never put in their letters through the regular channels and therefore read and censored by officers. What the boys gave me they knew only their mothers and I would read. One big, strapping fellow signed a letter 'Your Baby Boy,' and his mother—sixty-four years old and with three sons in the army—wrote me the letter made her feel nearer to him than any time since he went away."

Here are a few of the messages A. E. F. men put into the Mothers' Book. Just imagine how the mother felt who received the following, after so many years of separation:

"My dear mother: It's been ten years since I saw you, but it is never too late to come back. I have just met a good imitation of you to-night and I am very thankful. Love, C."

Here's a piece of candor I am sure never would have been submitted to an official censor:

"Dear Mother: I have just had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Booth talk to us boys and she sure put some thoughts of home through my brain. That's all!"

You have always known how much I wanted to travel, but when I once hit 'Home, Sweet Home' again, there is one boy that is going to tie himself to your apron-strings. D."

Here are three more:

"Dear Mother: To-night I have listened to the Little Mother who is indeed proving herself OUR Little Mother over here, and she has made us realize, as we perhaps never have before, how much you mothers at home have done to help win this war, the sacrifices you made and how much we owe you. And now I am wondering if, after all, my impatience, dissatisfaction and longing to go home is not simply a desire to see you. But I know you will be patient and I promise to try to be the same—realizing that I am being kept here for a purpose, and that while here I am serving even as I was while the war was going on. With love,

YOUR SON."

"Dear Mother: The Little Mother, Mrs. Booth, has just brought us a message from the mother heart of America and I want to tell you again what you already know, that you are the most wonderful mother on earth—and that I love you more than all the world. H."

"Dearest Mother: Have just heard the best heart to heart talk given by an American Mother. Mother, keep your courage at its highest, as the service stars you wear representing your boys over here will be kept as pure and clean as the stars above. With love from both,

C. and J."

"What," I asked Mrs. Booth, "was the message you gave them from their mothers?"

"I told them how their mothers loved them," she said simply. "I said I knew what a sacrifice they were making for their country, but that the sacrifice of American mothers was even greater because every mother loves her boy better than she loves herself. I told them of a letter an A. E. F. boy had shown me, as we sat together in a dugout with rain leaking in everywhere and the mud so deep we were wearing hip boots. His mother wrote him to be sure and keep 'dry and warm.' Of course, the men roared with laughter, but I explained that letter simply meant the writer was thinking of her soldier as still her baby.

"And finally I tried to answer their loneliness, their impatient longing to be sent home now the war was over, by reminding them that they had been sent to Europe not only to fight bravely but to show Europe American ideals, to uphold the standards of the American home.

"It is the American mother who has helped to make the American soldier so fine," finished Mrs. Booth. "And she need not worry about how her boy is coming back to her. He's kept his service star bright."

THE SAME EFFECT.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, for the Bloggses were giving a party.

Mr. Bloggs was singing "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," and Master William Bloggs made good the golden moment to take a turn at Mr. Bloggs' pipe in the study.

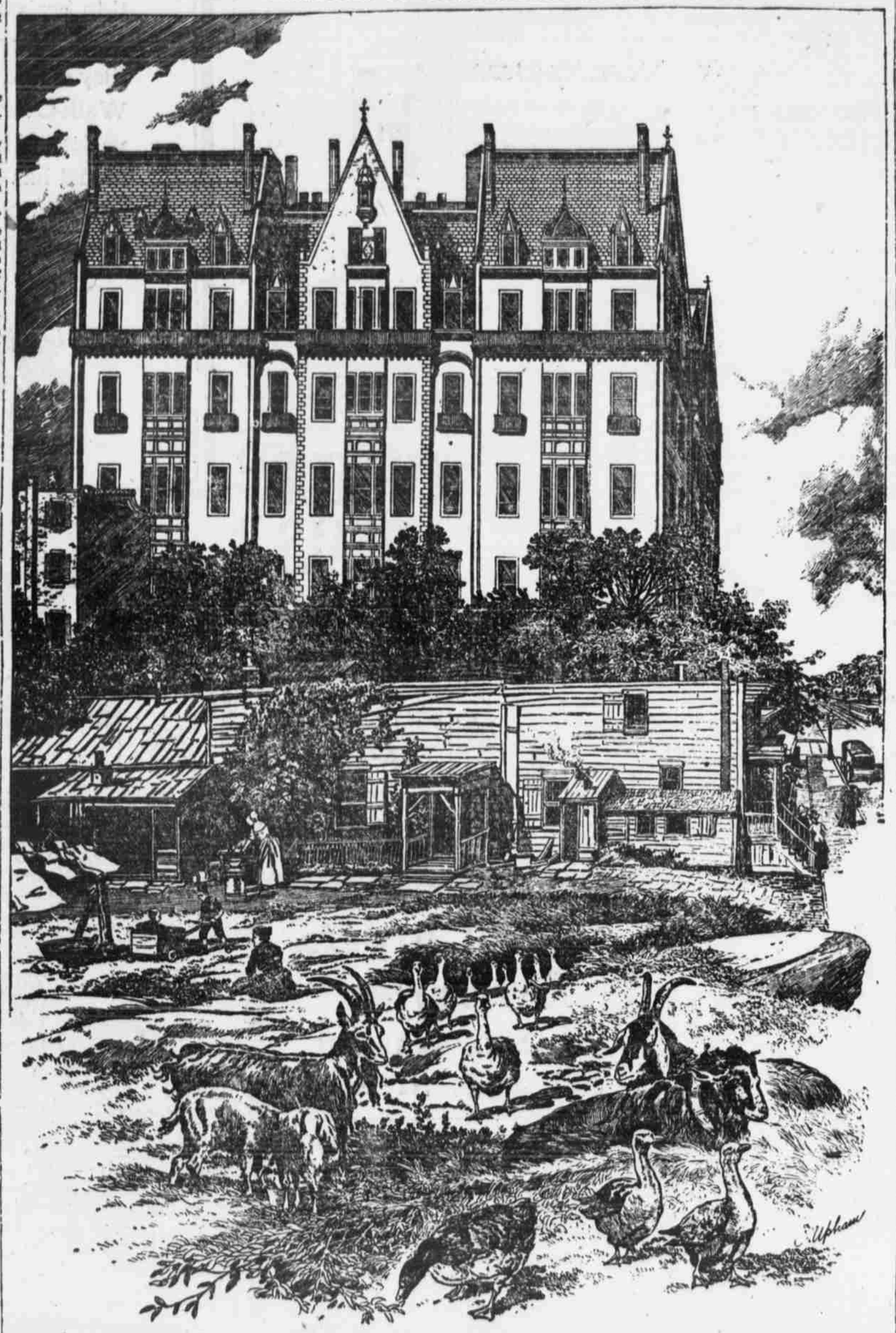
Shortly afterward it was apparent that William was not well.

"Goodness child!" cried his mother. "Have you been smoking?"

"No, mother!" gasped her son. "But if that song is true that father's been singing about—I—must be in love, that's all!"

N. Y.'s First Big Apartment House—Built in 1881

THE DAKOTA, CORNER CENTRAL PARK WEST AND SEVENTY-SECOND STREET, AS IT APPEARED WHEN COMPLETED THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO, AND VIEW OF BLOCK BELOW SHOWING CHARACTER OF SURROUNDINGS IN THOSE DAYS.



RISING ten stories high amid the lowly homes of Shantytown, the Dakota, New York City's first apartment house of any pretentiousness, was built in 1881, in Central Park West at 72d Street. Despite its thirty-eight years of age, it is still occupied by some of the wealthiest and most exclusive families of the city.

When the artist for The Evening World drew and contributed the drawing to Leslie's back in 1889 the little truck gardeners were still obtaining their living from their cabbage patches, while goats and ducks and chickens and pigs, too, roamed at will as part of the domestic blessings of the Shantytown residents. The Dakota was bounded on the north and south by these humble cottagers.

The building was designed by Henry Janeway Hardenbergh, the architect who built the Hotel Plaza here and the Willard Hotel in Washington. It is owned by the Clark estate, whose fortune was made in sewing machines. The estate owns apartment properties, it is said, which are valued at $12,000,000.

Rentals in the Dakota have kept pace with the times, and the high character of its tenants has been maintained throughout all the years of its existence. It is modernized as progress in modern dwellings is made, and according to real estate agents the rentals are as high as those of the most recently built apartment houses.

The Dakota is noted among real estate men for its remarkably high ceilings. They are 13 feet high, while the average apartment house room is only 10½ feet from floor to ceiling. This added height makes the apartment as tall as the average twelve-story building in the city.

The building is constructed of brown brick trimmed with chocolate colored stone. The interior decorations are said to be very rich, black walnut being used in the woodwork. There is a restaurant which is very exclusive. It is patronized only by the tenants of the building and few outside of the Dakota know that a cafe exists there.

There are a number of three and four room apartments and the roof is planted with grass and shrubbery. It is in fact a tiny park.

Since the erection of the Dakota many more buildings have risen along Central Park West, but the pioneer of them all stands sturdily maintaining its position of leader. Real estate men estimate that the rentals in the Dakota run about $4,500 a year, which they say is about equal to that charged in the more recently constructed buildings.

There was only one other apartment at the time the Dakota was built. It was the Vad Corlear, in Seventh Avenue, between 55th and 56th Streets. It was smaller and was also designed by Hardenbergh, the architect of the Dakota.

Some of the newer apartments have more pretentious entrances, and the apartments are provided with more rooms and baths for servants than was the Dakota when built, but in all else the Dakota is their peer.

Flood Lights on Ships' Dock Make Night Loading Safe

ONE of the docks at South Brooklyn, N. Y., has lately been equipped with fourteen powerful electric lamps, seven on each side, says an illustrated article in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. They are mounted on poles sixty feet above the pier floor and far enough apart to range the entire deck length of a large freight ship. The dock side of each lamp is masked, so that all the illumination is directed upon the ship's deck where it is needed. Perfect diffusion of light and location of the lamps outside the workmen's line of sight eliminates all glare, which has previously been the cause of several accidents.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1919

How to Live

And How to Live Long

A Series of Health Rules Compiled by Life Extension Experts.

NO. 3.—"PEP" AND PROTEINS.

By Zoe Beckley

IF there is any one thing an American does NOT want to lose, it is his widely and justly-celebrated "pep." Detach him from that dear Broadway if you like. Deprive him of his highball if you must. Squeeze to the husks his bankroll; take away his lizzie-ford; and cause him to live at the far end of the subway; but spare, Oh, spare his proteins! Let him have his meat and eggs, his clams and oysters, his bass and shad and his cheese. Or else kill him and have it over with. For you have taken the jazz out of life.

In its book "How to Live" the Life Extension Institute has many good words to say of American "pep." It approves of pep, plenty of pep. But it warns against too much. For an oversupply of pep-producing proteins, it shows, must be paid for in the long run in much the same way one pays for the excesses of the flowing bowl. "Pep beyond the normal," it says, "may well be regarded as intoxication—something for which a physiological price must be paid."

We pepful Americans, the Institute finds, over-indulge in proteins. As we have been told at least seven million times, we "eat too much meat." Meat is concentrated protein. Instead of 10 calories (fuel units) of protein (which is the tissue-builder, the grower and repairer of the body), many Americans use 20 or 30. This gives more than union-hours of work to the liver and kidneys and overstimulates the circulation beyond the factor of safety.

We must, therefore, mix our proteins with fats and with carbohydrates (starches and sugars), from which we can get most of the needed body fuel, and at the same time retain a larger proportion of our bankroll. Costly "chop" is not necessarily most nourishing. "One may slowly starve," consoles "How to Live," "on very expensive food, while it is easy to secure energy food at low cost."

In the following common dishes, taking no cognizance whatsoever of the cherished chicken a la king, the succulent blue point or the alligator pear, are 100 calories each, or about 2,500 in all, which is what the ordinary individual needs in a day's going:

A small lamb chop.
An egg.
A side dish of baked beans.
Cheese in a 1 1-2 inch block.
A side dish of corn.
A large potato.
A thick slice of bread.
A shredded wheat biscuit.
A large dish of oatmeal.
Seven olives.
An ordinary butter pat.
A small glass of milk.
A small piece of cake.
One-third of a piece of pie.
One and one-half lumps of sugar.
A dozen peanuts.
Eight pecans.
Four prunes.
Two apples.
A large banana.
Half a cantaloupe.
A very large orange.
A quarter glass of cream.

Compare that with an average day's "three square meals," and unless you are oversize you will probably find you are overeating. The larger the person or the more muscular the work he does the more he requires in his feedbag. It is physical, not mental, work which burns up the greater part of the food.

Right here let us ask a very delicate question: Are you more than thirty-five? (All replies will be received in strict confidence.) Because if you are less than that psychological age you can safely afford to be a trifle overweight. If you have crossed this fatal Rubicon cut down on your pastries, puddings and candy, for the person who thins down when nearing the forties is the person who has the best chance for life and health. The insurance companies have dire things to relate of the fat-and-forties.

The habit of "snacking" between meals is what gives you large collections of chins and puts inches on your waist line. O lady with the box of nutty caramels, O gentleman who seeks the cocktail at 4 P. M. We delude ourselves, says friend book, by thinking that candy, fruits, nuts, peanuts, popcorn, ice cream sodas and other nips "don't count."

"Nature counts her calories carefully," says book. "If the number taken exceeds the number used up by the body, the excess accumulates in fat or tissue. * * * As age advances, the consumption of meat and all flesh foods should be decreased, and that of fruit and vegetables (especially those of bulky character and low food value, such as lettuce, tomatoes, carrots, turnips, salsify, oyster-plant, watercress, celery and parsnips) should be increased. Decrease the quantity of food in hot weather, since fewer calories are needed to sustain the heat of the body. In particular less meat and eggs should be eaten in summer on account of their tendency to produce immediate heat."

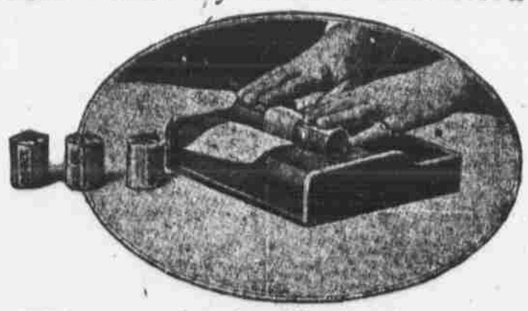
If your job is hewing trees or loading steamships, let the noonday "dinner" be your biggest meal. If you play a "thinking part," eat lightly at lunch time. Abstain from heavy food when you are dog tired. Eat green salads, toast and fruits instead and avoid the torments of indigestion. Hunger "is largely dependent upon the contractions of the empty stomach, and not upon a general bodily craving for food." This is why a man can "pull his belt tighter" and get on quite comfortably, though foodless, for some time.

The best way to tell how much to eat is by your weight. "We should try," says the Life Extension Institute, "to keep our weight approximately the average for age thirty." According to the tables attached, based on an analysis in 1912 of 231,819 men and 136,504 women, these are the proper weights for age thirty:

Men.		Women.	
5 ft. 5 in..	140 lbs.	5 ft. ..	120 lbs.
5 ft. 6 in..	144 lbs.	5 ft. 1 in..	122 lbs.
5 ft. 7 in..	148 lbs.	5 ft. 2 in..	124 lbs.
5 ft. 8 in..	152 lbs.	5 ft. 3 in..	127 lbs.
5 ft. 9 in..	156 lbs.	5 ft. 4 in..	131 lbs.
5 ft. 10 in..	161 lbs.	5 ft. 5 in..	134 lbs.
5 ft. 11 in..	166 lbs.	5 ft. 6 in..	138 lbs.
6 ft. ..	172 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in..	142 lbs.
6 ft. 1 in..	178 lbs.	5 ft. 8 in..	146 lbs.

If you are guilty of being an overweight, you can become more sylph-like without sacrificing a scintilla of "pep" by cutting down on sugar, fats, milk as a beverage, salmon, lobster, crabs, sardines, herring, mackerel, pork and goose, fat meats, nuts, butter, cream, olive oil, pastry and candy.

How Those Neat Little Coin Rolls Are Made by a New Invention



THERE is a new way of wrapping coins in those neat little packages that the banks supply. It does away with the necessity of holding the pile of coins in a vertical position, which is awkward and results in poor wrapping.

The coins rest on parallel rollers spaced slightly apart, but are held between two cylinders of wood upon the wrapper, Popular Science Monthly explains. The accompanying picture makes this clear. By exerting a slight pressure on the coins or on the rollers the pile may be rotated and the wrapper adjusted. One edge of the paper is gummed to make the package more secure.

When the package has assumed the form described it is removed with the end blocks still protruding and acting as stoppers. The package is placed in a vertical position resting on one of the blocks, after which the upper block is removed and the end of the wrapper folded inward in the usual manner. The stack is then reversed and the process repeated at the other end. The wrapping is now complete.

Different sets of the cylindrical blocks must be ready at hand for use with the different sizes of coins, for the diameters of the blocks must be the same as the coins. Grooves in the end blocks permit air circulation and make the removal easy.